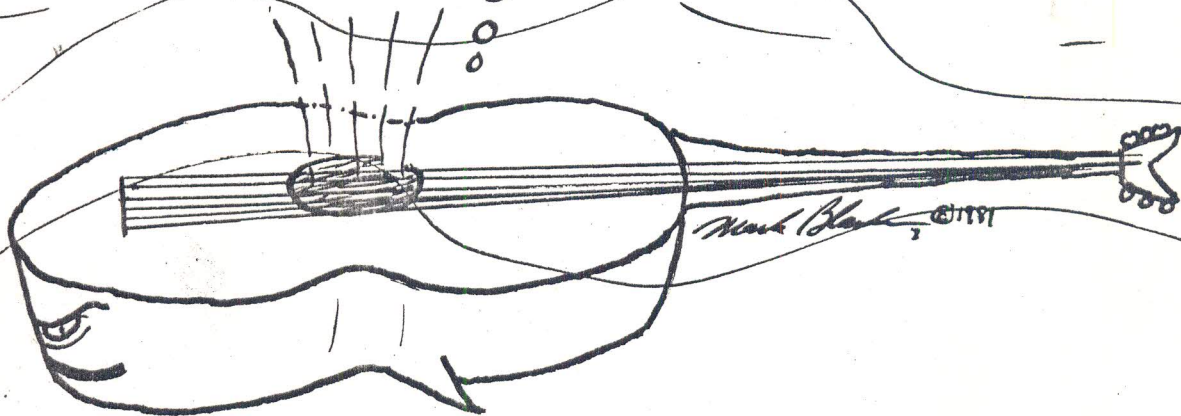


# AAA-F#11K

1 AUGUST 1981



NUKE  
WHO?!







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As a final note, if you contribute, please use wide margins. Some people like to tear out their filksongs and place them in looseleaf binders. The deadline for contributions to APA-Filk #12 is 1 November 1981. Send at least fifty copies of your material.

DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #12: 1 NOVEMBER 1981

COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #12: 50 COPIES







SINGAPORE

(SgSp) 11th Stanza  
for APA-Filk #11

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th  
St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229,  
Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 212-336-  
3255 / July 21, 1981

As I was on Security staff at Empiricon, I attended few filksings. However, at the APA-NU collation the night before the con (during which filks were sung), I mentioned to John Boardman and Greg Baker that I'd begun a filksong for Number of the Beast; our collaboration appears in ANAKREON. Also, my "Ich bin ein Vilkejourneymann" button caused some stares from a Lufthansa flight crew in a hotel elevator. (Greg had a preppie button: "Space Travel is Peachy Keen.") Which reminds me, on performing well-known tunes, at Boskone one evening, Mike Wood was playing a Presbyterian hymn; the NY Jewish fans around him, however, recognized the tune as "Deutschland Uber Alles" and queried him.

THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #10

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: Frightening; literally, filking does not pay. Meanwhile, in the professional world, George Harrison has been and Yoko Ono is being sued for copyright infringement/melody plagiarism ("My Sweet Lord"/"He's So Fine" and "I'm No Angel"/"Makin' Whoopee").

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Some godawful ones. See mine in SgSp #8.

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: I've heard about a musical version of Bradbury's "Wonderful Ice Cream Suit," not quite stfnal but....

## My god, how the dragons roll in--cinematically: EXCALIBUR, CLASH OF THE TITANS (a Kraken) and, of course, DRAGONSLAYER--inspiring this:

#### THE SIMPLE JOYS OF PLUNDERING

--with Florence P. (Sung to "On Top of Old Smokey")

On top of Old Smauggie,  
All covered by scale,  
I lost my companion  
To the dragon's swift tail.

For questing's a pleasure  
And failing's a grief;  
A careless treasure-hunter's  
A short-living thief.

When thieves go a-robbing  
A dragon's great hoard,  
They end up as cinders  
Or rich as a lord.

And then they build castles  
And revel all day,  
Hiring wizards and swordsmen  
To keep thieves away.

So come all ye seekers  
And listen to me:  
Better make an investment  
In some good weaponry.

For a wizard may rob you  
By casting a spell  
Or a fire-breathing dragon  
May send you to hell.

(Repeat First Stanza)

And another stanza for John:

The Greek hero Perseus fought one  
To save poor Andromeda's skin.  
The creature was petrified by him.  
My gods, how the dragons roar in!



"Sure, with the way gold  
has been dropping in the  
international market  
these days..."

not quite micro-filk,  
just a "little" thing I  
wrote.

6.





### SOMETHING OF NOTE #11

...is produced for the eleventh collation of APA-Filk,  
due to take place on or about the first of August, 1981

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 421

(if you think this  
sounds like the des-  
cription of a crime  
...). It is produced  
by Robert Bryan Lip-

ton of 31 West 47th Street, New York, NY 10036. Begun  
at the last minute.

### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

This apa was conceived in November of 1978 by Lee Burwasser and myself while suffering the worst aftereffects of Saturday-night partying (including, of course, bad judgement). As of November of this year I will have been working on this apa for three years and I beg to state that that is long enough, so I shall resign as Management after I produce the next APA-Filk.

This does not necessarily mean the end of this apa. If anyone out there wants to take it over, please let me know. My intention is not simply to abandon this, but I thought it better to ask for volunteers before buttonholing one of the people whom I know will do the work and asking them. These good-hearted few are always asked to do the work and find themselves overloaded.

I think it's the best time for me to go. My interest in writing filksongs is declining, although certainly not my interest in reading and singing them.

### ONE MORE TIME APA-Filk #10

STRUM UND DRANG v.3#2 I remember we had this discussion  
Lee Burwasser when we started APA-Filk, Lee. I  
argued that copyrighting would  
result in added expense, which I would insist on making  
up by charging non-contributors, which would put this in  
the realm of 'publication.' You insisted on protection for  
your material.

As a side note there was an article in the Wall Street Journal recently which touches on the matter of copyright. The song 'Happy Birthday to You' is copyright and the owners are aggressive in collecting the royalties. They don't collect royalties at your niece's birthday, but if that birthday is taped and shown on television they will insist on their pound of flesh.

Liked 'Han's Song.

I don't think anyone has filked stories really well since Randall Garrett did them for Robert Lowndes;■



magazines back in the fifties: Caves of Steel, Lest Dark-  
ness Fall, et al.

Enjoyed 'Swift-Killer the Old One'. You got the  
patter attitude just right.

ANAKREON #10 Here we go again. Liked verses ##256,272,  
John Boardman 280-5,287, 289, 291, 292, 295, 296, 299,  
& 300.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME RAE, BNC.

Margeret

FILKERS DO IT 'TILL DAWN : I can think of three straight  
Harold Groot write-offs of Eddystone Light:  
Asteroid Light, Arilinn Tower

and this. Since they all redo it the job competently, they're  
fine, but they don't have anything new.

SINGSPIEL (Mark) Thought the 'Babel Engineers' was much  
weaker than it could have been.

Abyssinia,

Robert Bryan Lipton



Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn

verse 3, part 3

by Harold Groot Apt. 713 1100 Penn Center Blvd. Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235  
(I'm moving 9/1/81, but stuff will be forwarded)

Well, it looks like Lee saved the zine lastish. It appears that there was a major breakout of the No Inspiration bug, plus some FAFIA. I hope/expect that this will be better. I even have a few songs of my own to contribute, so be warned. But first, the usual banal

Grace Notes

- Lee - Glad someone had some songs. I liked Han's Song, Swift killer, and Alderan Belt....Good point on copyrights, too.
- John - Blurple.
- Margaret - Actually, I do (or did) put a lot of ice in kool-aid. Of course, I used to drink it from 16 oz. glasses....What happened to the May Kantele?....Sorry I couldn't make Sweeney's.
- Jordin - Never be ashamed of your guitar. Playing a cheap, battered, under-sized guitar (i.e. my first one) is much better than not playing one at all.
- Bob - I wouldn't call Star Wars a musical at all. Rocky Horror is, farce or not. Diana Gallagher is putting songs into her stories (Starsong) - perhaps we should ask her to consider a musical.
- Mark - I liked the cartoon....I seem to have misplaced the negatives on the panda pix.

Disclave got off to a running start when the motel lost my guaranteed reservation. I managed to get a room for Donna and myself for Friday only. About 10 minutes later I met Lee Burwasser with some friends who had a somewhat similar problem. They had a room for Saturday and Sunday, but not for Friday! So things worked out fairly well. When I got back to Pgh. I found a surprise in the mail - a bill from the same motel for being a no-show on a guaranteed reservation. It turns out that when I made the reservation, the clerk had put down April instead of May! They were nice about it, though.

The Filking was limited, as usual. They simply won't set aside a room for it, in spite of letters asking them to do so. So we had a room sing one night, and a stairwell/room sing the next, with Lee and myself doing most of the singing. At least this time the audience seemed willing to appreciate the solo-oriented material.

Delta Draconis had filking in the Midwest style, not surprising in view of the performers. Bob Asprin, Cliff Flynt, Steve Simmons, Mark Bernstein, John Hall, Dena Mussaf, and a newcomer (I think his name was John) who cheated - he used talent. Bob Asprin likes a lively sing, so I let him do the lively stuff while I played more of the slow stuff than I usually get to. In fact, I played so much of it that Bob asked me if I knew any songs in a major key.

I also managed to invade the trip to a Chinese banquet that Tom Barber organized, and got to chat with Dena and her father quite a bit. My only regret is that I didn't get to spend much time with my Toronto friends, as they were all working running the con.

## Monday Morning

by Harold Groot

Am E7 Am  
Dm Early one morning to Earthport I strolled  
Dm G7 C G E  
To hear the tall tales that the spacers all told.  
Am G C  
I met a teenager who sweetly did sing  
Am Dm E7 Am  
"I'm going to fly spaceward next Monday morning."

"How old are you, my fair young friend?  
This journey will last 30 years to it's end.  
How old a lass to the stars will they bring?"  
"I'm going to be 16 next Monday morning."

"Well, 16 years old is too young to leave home.  
Your homeworld will change as the stars you do roam.  
The years crawl for you, but on earth they take wing,  
So put off your plans for next Monday morning."

"You talk like a madman, a man with no skill.  
5 years I've been waiting against my own will.  
And now I'm determined to do my own thing,  
And I'm going to fly spaceward next Monday morning."

Next Monday morning alarm bells will sound.  
I'll watch out the viewport as we leave the ground.  
Heading for space and the nebula's ring,  
And I'll smile as we lift off next Monday morning.

Next Monday night in my bed I will lie.  
Forever, perhaps, to have left Terra's sky.  
Above my head my two arms I will fling,  
And I'll wish to my soul it was Monday morning.

Tune : Monday Morning

The above is one of the slow songs that Bob Asprin was complaining about. I also managed to reconstruct my version of Wasn't That a Filksing, so I wasn't totally doing the downer material. To the best of my recollection, notes, scraps of tape, a bunch of us started singing WTAF spontaneously after hearing Wasn't That a Party. This accounts for the similarity between the first four lines with Dannell's version - we got the same start. The rest is entirely my own.

I've also written my first SCA song. It concerns some events that happened recently that shouldn't have. I have tried to be reasonably unbiased, and nobody is identified directly. Still, if anyone wishes to try on the shoe and loudly announce that it fits.... My SCA name is Ergard Joelson, so that's who gets the credit.



## Unchivalrous Behavior and Tales Told by an Idiot

by Ergard Joelson

Come listen, gentles, to my song, when Chivalry was lost,  
An insult to a Lady was repaired at quite a cost  
When one who should have played no part at all in the affair  
Embroided the people of three lands in words designed to scare.

A favor was requested from a Lady I do know  
Whose colors are the shining sun and as the grasses grow.  
Her reputation as a Lady stood the sternest test  
Upon the day her honor was the subject of a jest.

A pair of wenches at the quest did tarry with each man  
And then the Dark Lord caught their eye, a member of their clan.  
So by the Lady's favor which embodied her good name,  
They hung their favors (rags from skirts) to say all were the same.

Embarrassed as the Lady was, she did not make a scene  
When asked by others to retrieve her favor gold and green.  
She thought "I walk the path of peace, a quiet way I'll seek.  
He may not know his error, so in private we will speak."

The Lady to the Dark Lord said, "Now I must hide my face.  
You wore those rags upon your arm and linked me with disgrace."  
The Dark Lord said "There's naught amiss, my acts you misperceive,  
And so there's nothing I must do, your honor to retrieve."

He would not meet her face to face, would not admit his fault,  
And so unmanly to the wound he rubbed in bits of salt.  
The Lady thought "It seems to me that words are at an end,  
And so a champion I'll need, my honor to defend."

The word was carried northward to a man of honor true.  
Before the tale was told by half, he asked what he could do.  
And when the details all were told, he said "Tis plain to see  
The Dark Lord need a lesson with regard to chivalry."

They wanted honor to retrieve, for vengeance has no grace,  
And so they sought to find a way to soften loss of face.  
And so as not to humble him in front of all his friends  
They chose a land of snow and ice in which to force amends.

Now in a challenge of this sort it matters not who wins.  
The heart of it is that by arms you answer for your sins.  
A challenge raised and answered and the matter quickly done,  
A lesson learned in manners and no shame for anyone.

Wasn't That a Filksing?

by Harold Groot

Tune: Wasn't That a Party

C  
Could of been the Tully (pause...)  
Might of been the gin,  
Could of been the Mulligan verses, I don't know  
But look at the mess I'm in  
F  
My throat is full of gravel,  
C  
My fingers black and blue  
G7  
But then again, that's nothing new  
C  
And wasn't that a Filksing?

Someone had a capo  
On the seventh fret  
When I tried to sing that high I hit some notes  
That haven't been invented yet.  
Shattered all the windows,  
Then the walls began to crack.  
'Long about then, everything went black,  
But wasn't that a Filksing?

Might be just my memory,  
Still not very clear.  
Think they asked the hotel's biggest rent-a-cop  
To "Have some Madiera, my dear"  
He thought they really meant it  
And he tried to throw us out  
Boy, you should have heard him shout  
But wasn't that a Filksing.

C F  
Greg and me and Donna  
C

Broke a tiny rule  
D

All we did is put 2000 packets of jello in the hotel pool

And so you see Con Chairman,  
It was all a jest  
And besides we found a use for some of it  
And gave the Banquet Committee the rest  
But rest is what you don't get  
When there's filking going on  
'Cause Filkers Do It Until Dawn,  
And wasn't that a Filksing.



So to the land of snow and ice went two of green and gold,  
To find the Dark Lord had not come, up to the land of cold.  
Although the challenge could not be, the matter was made worse  
By one whose actions on that day have merited a curse.

A slender lass from foggy downs did spread a tale of woe,  
Which caused a dozen people to the Champion to go.  
They said they wished he would not help to set the matter right,  
And pestered him all day with words that said he should not fight.

The Lady's Champion did feel that he had cause to say  
"The bruises from a fight are naught to what I've felt this day.  
To fight one person with a sword is quickly o'er and done,  
But when you face a siege of words events will hold no fun.

Now if the words do speak the truth, then questions one must ask:  
Who is this Dark Lord's brother who will take us all to task?  
Why should he take offense at this, a challenge between two,  
And why say you that he'll invade if I this fight persue?"

Of course, in answer to the questions none could make reply  
Except to say they heard so from a lass who loud did cry.  
There was no shred of evidence, but that held not her tongue,  
And so to set the matter straight this story must be sung.

A challenge between two was all the two of them foresaw,  
Until the lass from foggy downs did start to wag her jaw .  
And thus a whole three Baronies had heard of threats of force  
Except the Dark Lord and his men (and brother, too, of course).

The Lady of the gold and green did meet with the Dark Lord.  
"The whole affair's got out of hand, this strife we can't afford."  
A local Champion was found, the battle fought that hour,  
Of repercussions there were none, in spite of rumor's power.

The Dark Lord thought he'd done no wrong, and fought to say 'twas so.  
He acted thus in honor, in as far as he did know.  
The Lady and her Champions did likewise on their days,  
But for the lass from foggy downs I have no words of praise.

So gentles please pay heed to this, the story I do tell,  
And meddle not in matters by the spread of rumors fell.  
The ones who feel that they've been wronged have matters well in hand.  
They'll settle it themselves, and peace will reign throughout the land.

I am not quite finished with the music for the preceding. In the meantime, use Roddy McCorley.

By the way, I believe I made an omission lastish in discussing which songs from Crystal Visions had previously seen print. Phillip Wayne's Someday is also in the Westerfilk collection. Since my copy is out on a loan that will probably turn out to be permanent, I was going from memory.

MidwestCon was a total relaxacon - absolutely no programming. What it did have was Bill Marsciello and Juanita Coulson to lead the filking. Actually, the filking was rather limited. In fact, the second night it was so limited that I had a lot of trouble finding it. Bill and Juanita were holding a small room-sing. After searching the entire motel for the filk, I finally decided to call on Juanita. I figured she might know where the filking was, or perhaps I could browse through her songbook. So I found the roomsing instead - in Juanita's room.

Paracon was somewhat of a disappointment, as far as filking went. The sing was reminiscent of a Filthy Pierre sing - a lot of singing from the NESFA hymnal, a lot of the raunchiest of the Star Trek songs, a piano, etc. This time it was a majority of the performers who led the filk that way (the performers also outnumbered the audience). As I have mentioned before, I prefer the midwest style, as a number of the raunch songs get stale awfully quickly. There were some nice Tolkien numbers by Thom, and Naomi played some nice pieces, so it wasn't a complete loss by any means.

This weekend is an SCA event sponsored by Madhouse Manor, two weeks after that comes the Pennsic War, and not long after comes Denvention, which is now possible but still not very likely. There's also a local Viking event and Earthcon, but things in general are going to slow down a bit. Thank goodness - until a vacation trip starting June 29 was cancelled, I had either gone somewhere or had visitors over every single day in June. July was only somewhat slower. August has time reserved for apt. hunting/moving.

I finally got to see a couple of episodes of The Prisoner at Paracon. It was actually fairly close to the mind picture I had constructed from numerous descriptions. Amazing.

One of these days Real Soon Now I am going to finish off some sections of my dungeon and say "I won't modify this any more - any new ideas go into a brand new section."

Superman II was a disappointment - errors in science, and not nearly as many good lines for superman. Raiders of the lost Ark was fun, though it went overboard a few times. Dragonslayer was generally well done, but I would have liked to see a few themes expanded on (I know, there isn't room for everything). Of course, they never got around to mentioning the Papa dragon, so there's an easy entry to a sequel if they want it. Considering that his wife and kids are dead, and that the old sorcerer is no longer around, that battle might come out the other way (with the young sorcerer surviving for the third picture). You could call the first sequel The Dragon Strikes Back, and the next one The Revenge of the Sorcerer....

I probably won't know my new address for a couple of weeks yet, but don't let that stop you from writing. Let the same things that stopped you before do double duty. Seriously, I'll let those who do write know my new address as soon as I can get one of the guards in the white coats to tell me. In the meantime

KEEP ON FILKING!

Harold



THIS IS

# HEMI DEMI SEMI QUAVER

#7 7/23/81

PDSQ for short, published by Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315, Berkeley, CA 94709  
For APA-Filk #11

Much has happened in the past 3 months. The second printing of The Westerfilk Collection finally came back from the printers, and while nobody is happy with it (not us, not the printers), it doesn't look too bad. We've also finished our second production, a new book of songs by Cindy McQuillin and Phil Wayne called Crystal Memories. We were trying desperately to get it done for Westercon, and as a result there are a few small problems like missing chords on a song where we couldn't get ahold of Phil in time, but on the whole we're very proud of it. The order form which makes up part of this entry gives all our new prices. We also have a tape of all of Cindy's songs from Crystal Visions and Crystal Memories, and having finally gotten Phil to a recording session, we'll be selling cassettes of both CV and CM. Off Centaur Publications is turning into a real organization (of sorts). Incidentally **\*\*DO NOT\*\*** order Crystal Visions from the PO Box that Harold Groot cited. Phil is no longer in contact with the Crystal Well people, and will not get your order.

Filkcon West was held at the LASFS clubhouse the first weekend in June. I'll probably send a full report to Kantele, but here's the basics: Bjo Trimble had set up the con for a real hotel, but when only a handful of people preregistered, she had to cancel the hotel (or lose lots of money) and we made do with the clubhouse. Only about a dozen non-LA people came (others got notified of the confusion and decided not to) so crash space was arranged. We ended up with about 70 people total. Juanita and Buck Coulson were GOHs, and I finally got to hear that incredible voice (yes, it is). I was dead tired from hassling over Westerfilk and other problems, and thus had less fun than I might have, but it was a great con for collecting songs. We had our Nakamichi recorder, and got 12 hours of excellent quality tapes. We also sold quite a few songbooks, and made an assortment of business deals.

I went to a scientific conference in Cambridge, England over the July 4 weekend, and so missed Westercon, but filk and filk sales did very well there, (as opposed to programming, which was almost nonexistent), and the hotel staff was reportedly very friendly -- even hanging around the fringes of many of the sings just listening. While I missed Westercon, I did get to one day of a British fantasycon at the end of my conference. Unfortunately there were no guitars to be had, and I couldn't get any sort of filk started. They did have a couple of hours of readings/poems/songs -- mostly readings -- and I did "Song of the Shieldwall" on its home ground, more or less, to a good reception.

I'm now getting ready for PhD exams, which were put off until the end of August, but I carefully scheduled them for BEFORE Denvention, so I'll be free to enjoy the con. I hope I'll see a bunch of you there.

## COPYRIGHTS and COPYWRONGS

Lee's article on copyrights was very good, but there's more to be said. Most of what I know I picked up talking to a couple of lawyers about Westerfilk.

First, about APA-filk -- In the words of the Hitchiker's Guide, DONT PANIC! While it is true that you are technically liable for anything you put in the apa (probably more liable than Bob Lipton, but I'm not sure. Sorry, Bob) there is a handy legal principle which translates as, "The law does not concern itself with trifles." This means that, unless you've done something really unique and obnoxious, anyone who tried to sue you for printing something in an apa like this would be tossed out of court for wasting their time. Much more likely, you'd just get a letter requesting that you stop publishing such and such an item. At worst, you'd get an injunction requiring you to stop such publishing. The exceptions are obvious: if you're publishing with intent to defraud (i.e.



you go xerox a commercial music book and run it in the apa.) If they want to make an example of you, or insure that you don't set a precedent (the videotape people are just waiting for a test case where they can jump on someone and beat him to a pulp). Or if you're doing something that will hurt their sales or their image, like printing stories about the seamy side of Han Solo's sex life. Personally, I wouldn't risk running "Makin Wookie" in anything. But otherwise they'd have a hell of a time collecting enough from you to make it worth taking you to court.

Parodies are a separate matter, and there's a Mad Magazine case which pretty much said that recognizable parodies are OK. There's also a case I've heard of where someone took the tune "Stairway to Heaven," then a big hit, and sang the words from the Gilligan's Island theme to it, on a record. Nothing happened until the record started to appear in several stores, then it was abruptly pulled -- but as far as I know, no one got sued, just ordered to cease distribution. Larger publications are another matter, and we did lose some sleep over Westerfilk. While we carefully got permission from all our authors, we had to leave out several songs that used copyrighted tunes that weren't well enough known to just say "sung to..." and leave it. Despite that, we discovered (after the fact) that we still weren't entirely in the clear. First, even saying "Tune: xxx" or "Sung to xxx" is technically a violation of copyright, since the copyrighted material is an integral part of your work. I don't know of any cases where it's gotten someone into trouble, but if you're really paranoid you'll stick to traditional or original tunes. More seriously, any song about characters, stories, etc. from copyrighted works violate the copyright unless you've gotten permission before publication -- again, you're using someone else's work for your own benefit. Thus, for instance, all Dorsai songs legally need Gordy's permission before you print them. And before you say, "that's ridiculous," I know of two songs about the dragons of Pern which have not been published specifically because Anne McCaffrey's agent will not give permission. There have also been cases of fans writing novels set in an author's universe and using his characters in which the author had to take legal action to prevent publication. Obviously, Lucas isn't going to sue everyone who prints a star wars song, but I gather he has taken action against some particularly raucy fannish publications (and someone in Berkeley has an hysterically funny Star Wars parody which will never be printed anywhere because it's chock full of drugs and sex. . . alas.) Westerfilk is not going to be reprinted again, even if we sell out, nor distributed much outside of fandom, because we have too many such secondary copyright problems.

So, while I hereby disclaim any responsibility if you follow my example and then get sued, I'm not going to lose any sleep over publications in APA-Filk. If we followed the copyright laws to the letter, we'd be unable to print half our songs. But paranoia is well justified if you plan to do any publication for general sale.

\*\*\*WARNING\*\*\* the above does NOT apply to libel. Even one copy of something that you show to a friend is enough to get you sued, if it attacks a real individual. SF authors on the whole ignore all sorts of insults from fans, but be very careful about any comments about personal habits, etc., that you can't prove. We were seriously advised to pull one song from Westerfilk on grounds of possible libel, but decided that it was clearly enough a parody to risk leaving in -- but not by much. And some people, like a certain southern california convention promoter, have been known to sue at the drop of a hat.

#### A SMALL INSPIRATION

Heaven's batch-processing data  
So your prayer's queued up till later.  
You will simply have to wait a  
Couple eons for your job.

Give me that old Real-Time Religion  
Give me that old Real-Time Religion  
Give me that old Real-Time Religion  
It's fast enough for me.



## FORWARD, INTO THE PAST

SuD, Lee: A good collection of songs. Thanks for listing sources for tunes, not just titles. I wish I could get to some East Coast sings -- maybe I'll manage to time my next trip home to Philadelphia to coincide with a good con.

HDSQ, Me: If you want a fancy title, stupid, you have to put it in yourself.

FDITD, Harold: Sorry about the lack of songs, but while I have some new ones, I'm still polishing them. And they're all to original tunes and it takes me forever to get tunes written down. And besides, I'm six months behind on sending things to Margaret for Kantele, and I really have to send her some things first (don't hit me again, Miz Middleton, I'll send 'em Real Soon Now). Meanwhile, on the preceeding page is a small inspiration which struck while reading still more of John Boardman's paganism. I don't know if I'll expand it to a whole song, or just leave it as a single verse + chorus:

And since I'm on chorus,

SgSp, Mark: I like the chorus on Babel Engineers. Jerry Pournelle sings "Watering Worker's Beer." Badly.

And that's it. The reverse side of this is our flyer with our current prices. The cassette will probably be replaced with separate cassettes for Crystal Visions and Crystal Memories, with Phil as well as Cindy. So specify if you want one or the other or both of the new ones. The Crystal Memories tape will be 45-60 minutes, and will be \$7.50 by mail. We're not sure how much the Crystal Visions tape will be, but if you want it send \$7.50 and if it's less, we'll send a refund.

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# STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. III #3 SuD Lammas

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781. For APA-FILK #11.

I've got a new typer, and a Letter Gothic element for it. We'll see what it does for stencil quality.

## T W A N G S

ANAKREON (Boardman): Frankly, John, you ran out of good verses at least one supplement ago.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM (Middleton): Glad you liked them. // Work expands to fill the time available. Enjoy.

HDSQ (Kare): Elizabethan-style bawdry is very hard to write. This is a prime virtue; it keeps its writers too busy to turn out reams of dreck.

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Not a bad logo. // Why do you need another sharp knife? Did you put a nick in the one you used on Bob? // Good ghod: two reports on the same con, and they sound like the same con. I think I'd better lie down . . . // Actually, you're just too quick off the mark for your own good. They can wait while you glance over to see if someone else can take the song once you find the page. // Colbert's has scansion problems in the chorus and in some of the verses. // The structure of "Snow" is exceedingly close to "Pastures of Plenty" ("I come with the dust, and I go with the wind"). Is the music anything like?

SoN (Lipton): You may be right.

SingSpiel (Blackman): Is "Close Encounter" to that late-60s song with the refrain "Stop, children, what's that sound/Everybody look what's going 'round"? Whatever the tune is, please name it.

## FROM THE INDEXER:

If you want an index for volume three, tell me what good it does by Samhain. In case you don't know, it's quite a bit of work. If the best anyone can come up with is that a fanzine with an index has more class than one without, some other turkey can supply the class for volume three.

## PERIOD FORK DEPARTMENT

Due to a phenomenon called libration, some 10% of the moon does indeed see Earthrise. And Earthset, too, of course.

MORE totally useless information inside!



## FILK STYLES

You hoped I'd forget, didn't you? No such luck.

Since I know from nothing about west coast styles, I'll ignore them. Here I will deal with the east-coast style, the midwest style, and a variant of each. (Four in all, if anyone's counting.)

In general, the east-coast style is a group sing, while the midwest style is a round-robin performance. I haven't seen a true east-coast filk session for some years now. What some people [Harold, please note] call the east-coast style is often an unfortunate hybrid, combining some of the clumsiest features of both.

A major variant of the east-coast style is Filthy Pierre. Don't throw things. Like it or not, Filthy is more significant than any of us. More on that later.

A major variant of the midwest style is what I'll have to call the Clam Chowder session, since I don't know any of the current midwestern groups. I class it with midwestern because it's a performance, perhaps with occasional audience participation. Before BaltiCon got the use of King's Pleasure, Chowder was now and then to be found under the escalators, doing their thing.

There's not a lot to say about these sessions. I include them simply to be complete.

### Filthy Pierre

Many people have many things to say about Filthy and his microfilk, few of them complimentary. I've said my share of things about Filthy, and I'm sure I'll go on saying them. But leave us not get carried away. The fact is, Filthy is the only one on the east coast that is actively preserving classic filk.

The hymnals by themselves aren't enough. Songs that don't get sung are curiosities, not a live tradition. When was the last time you sang one of the classics?

We all know and love the old songs, but most of us are tired of singing them. The oldest song I've heard at a filk session in a couple of years is "Amphioxus"; I requested it, in a fit of nostalgia. Fact is, we all seem to be too busy introducing new songs to bother with old ones. Who is there but Filthy to teach oldies to the neos?

If a neo at an east-coast con asked me how to get into filk, I would say: "Start with Filthy Pierre. You will hear many unkind things said of him, and most will be true, but his sessions are the only places to sing the old songs. By all means, look us up; but don't expect to learn the classics from us: we don't sing them. If you want the classics without Filthy, set up sessions of your own. We'll drop in to cheer."

So, troops, let's not dump on Filthy indiscriminately. Some dumping-on he deserves, but until some of us sacrifice our filking time to singing ~~twice~~ sung songs, we need him.



### East-coast style

As I said earlier, this is the group sing. Campfire session without the campfire. I don't know what happened to them; they were the normal thing back when I was a neo, but I haven't seen any, aside from Filthy's, for a couple or three years now. Maybe more.

There's this little problem, you see: How do you have a group sing, if the group doesn't know the song you're singing? I've been reactivated as a filker for a couple of years now, and I sing my own songs and damned little else. Nobody can sing with me, either, because I have my own places where I pause or hold a note or whatever, and other people have theirs. Once Harold and I tried to sing "STL" together: Not good. There seem to be plenty more in the same spot, because filking nowadays seems to be all performance, with some audience participation. That is not the same as a group sing.

A possible Clue: I haven't heard "All of the Filkers are Singing" at the last con or so. I was listening for it. That's New Filk that's been around long enough for enough people to know it. Has it been retired already? It may be that current filkers are so into performance that we drop a song as soon as it becomes common currency.

This is no way to make classics.

I suspect the real problem is lack of leadership talent. It takes more than a voice and a guitar to lead a group sing. Until a decent song leader turns up, the east-coast style will languish.

There was an east coast folk session at DisClave. Not filk; folk. I happened in while the group was trying to reconstruct "Vicar of Bray". Enough of us knew enough different pieces to sing the whole thing. There was no song leader. It limped. But it was a group sing.

### Midwest style

This is the round-robin performance. It's where you get to turn your own stuff loose, if you can get a song in edgewise. That can be easy or difficult, depending on 1) how prone you are to stage-fright, 2) how well you can signal 'ma next' without standing up and waving, and 3) what kind of manners the rest of the singers have. [Tell us about friends who throw you in feet-and-mouth first, Margaret!] [Tell us how you got even with Margaret, Harold!]

Basically, it's a bunch of filkers sitting around, taking turns singing. Mostly they solo, but there's bound to be some audience participation. I can't explain the difference between audience participation and a group sing, but I assure you it's there.

Major advantages of midwestern style: 1) Easier to launch your own songs, and your own filking reputation. 2) More time to rest your voice between songs. 3) An easier mix of drawing-room singers and pros or semipros, if the pros or semipros allow.

Major disadvantages: 1) It's not as relaxed a get-together when you're on next, or trying to get on next. 2) Endless songs seem to get further out of hand. They fit in better, or something; anyway, everyone has just one more verse, and you can't really get another song going while someone is popping his guts to get on next. 3) It's easier for people with their act together to



effectively take over the session. If a couple or three want to, they can keep the session bouncing back and forth among themselves until they get tired. (Around some 'singers', it might be self defense, but a technique that potent should be used with utmost restraint.)

#### Beware the hybrid

I should let a veteran tell this, except the distribution might fall into polite company.

As I mentioned before, this combines the disadvantages of the group sing with those of a performance. Mainly, you get one or two people singing themselves hoarse, while a bunch of nonsingers sit around listening and calling requests, maybe joining the chorus here or there. No relief for the singers, and somehow the requests always turn out to be whatever gives your throat the worst beating.

It is not a group sing. It's a performance, without the advantages of having stuff prepared beforehand. Locations--well, the bottom of the stairwell is traditional because it's the most convenient! Nor are you granted the courtesy of a performer; you have to out-shout whatever conversations are going on, and only rarely will your audience say HUSH! to whoever doesn't feel like listening and won't go away.

Bring bhlog: you'll need it.

#### Conclusions?

Group sings are nice things. So are round-robin performances. A judicious combination of the two would be nice. Something like the 'open mike' sessions that Pat Kelley tried to set up at BaltiCon, specifically for launching new songs and the new singers, followed by either a group sing (if there's a song leader present) or a nostalgia session.

Abandoning the group sing and going over completely to performance style would not be nice. If the east coast would benefit by more performers--and it certainly would--the midwest would benefit by an infusion of the group style.

It's our doing, that east-coast filk is represented by Filthy Pierre. He puts out singalong sheets; nobody else does. He plays the old songs; nobody else does. He's the closest thing to a song leader on the east coast. Will somebody for ghu's sake give him some competition?

#### NORDSKOGEN SONGBOOK

\$2.50 from Carol Uncapher, 2416 E 37th Street, Minneapolis MN 55406.

Songs SCAdians filk to. The mix goes from 13th to 20th century, most have music and guitar cords. Heavy on border songs; one or two French; three or four discretely and not-so-discretely bawdy; three popularised by the Steeleye Span. Good start on a song library. If you've got pre-Depression folksongs



already, there will be fairly extensive duplication: "Blue Bells of Scotland", "Skye Boat Song", "Waltzing Matilda" and the like are common coin. Music to "Martin Said to His Man" and "the Twa Magicians" (aka "Coal Black Smith") and the verses to "Yo-ho-ho" are not quite so easily come by.

If you get it, you will have the music to

# MARSHAL'S MEN

[tune: Martin said to his man]

<sup>G</sup> Marshal <sup>D</sup> said to his <sup>G</sup> men: <sup>D</sup> "Try, <sup>G</sup> men, <sup>D</sup> try." <sup>G</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Marshal <sup>E</sup> said to his <sup>a</sup> men: <sup>E</sup> "Do the <sup>a</sup> drill <sup>E</sup> now." <sup>a</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Marshal said to each man: <sup>e</sup> "Not what you will, but what you can." <sup>D</sup>

<sup>e</sup> "Time's getting <sup>b</sup> closer, <sup>e</sup> men. <sup>b</sup> Do the <sup>G</sup> drill <sup>D</sup> now." <sup>G</sup>

"Let's see that shield-wall walk. Try, men, try.

Let's see that shield-wall walk. Do the drill now.

Let's see that shield-wall walk; more with the feet and less with talk.

Time's getting closer, men. Do the drill now.

"Let's see you guard that flank. Try, men, try.

Let's see you guard that flank. Do the drill now.

Let's see you guard that flank; let's see you staying in the rank.

Time's getting closer, lads. Do the drill now."

Anyone who's ever tried to get a bunch of Easterners to do melee team drill will recognise the situation. Except for House Elandris in upstate New York, the Free Company in New York City, and the Diny's Morin Shieldwall down Norfolk VA way, it's like pulling teeth just to get fighters to march in step.

Here's an old one of mine, I think from some time around the appearance of Kohoutec. (Judging solely from its position in my songbook.) Originally it had 12 verses, but I've cut it to 9. It's still too diffuse, but I'd have to rewrite it completely to cut it any further.

# EXILE

[tune: House Carpenter]

<sup>A</sup> Across the <sup>D</sup> endless <sup>A</sup> deeps of space, in friendship <sup>D</sup> then we <sup>A</sup> sang.

And in the <sup>D</sup> Court of <sup>A</sup> Brotherhood, the carillon <sup>C</sup> then <sup>A</sup> rang.

The black of space ate souls of men. The stars bewitched their hearts.  
But in the Court of Brotherhood, we practiced healing arts.

[cont.]



Exile (cont.)

From far and far, strange people came to warm them at our fire;  
and round the Court of Brotherhood, strange singers joined the choir.

The strangers came--yet no more strange than those who came before--  
but in the Court of Brotherhood they taught the songs of war.

They struck with fire of burning suns. They struck in hate, and rage:  
"Be damned your Court of Brotherhood! Be damned, your gilded cage!"

Behind us lay our history; and only space before.  
We fled the Court of Brotherhood. We fled our world--and more.

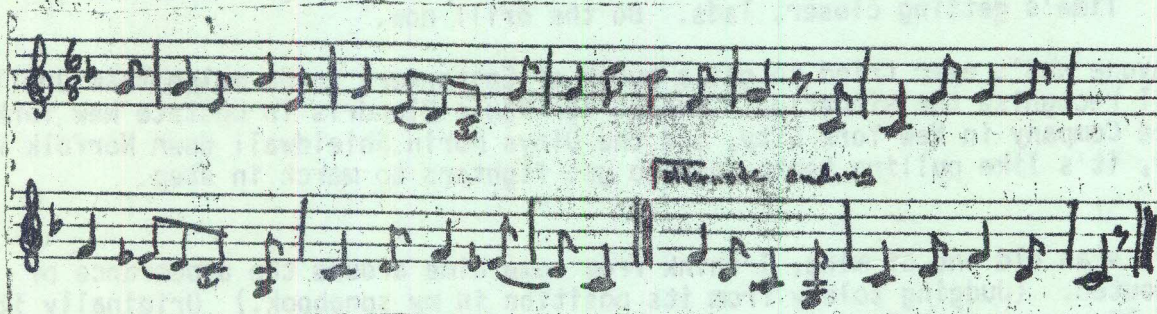
Strange and stranger folk we find, at yet more distant fires;  
and round our courts of brotherhood sing ever greater choirs.

The endless deeps charm souls of men; the stars enchant our hearts.  
In all our courts of brotherhood, we practice healing arts.

Out here in endless deeps of space, in friendship we shall sing.  
Out from our courts of brotherhood, the carillons shall ring.

Here is a version of "House Carpenter". The Childe ballads are certainly in the public domain. The alternate ending substitutes for the last three measures.

The first version gives a semi-modal effect that not everyone cares for. Certain Benighted Folk have even gone so far as to accuse me of singing off-key! The alternate ending removes this effect.



And I came up with a verse for "Monotreme Fandom". It needs all the verses it can get.

We have bones in our ears, and but one in our jaw.  
Therapsids we view with a reverent awe.  
Monotremes, too, we revere as our link:  
Without them, therapsids would be quite extinct.

And that's it for now. It's the 25th, and I have to get the stencils off.



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME #9 for APA-Filk #11  
by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219  
5-19-81

Greetings: I am honest-and-truly intending to get at least the mailing comments stencilled, run, and sent to Bob almost immediately. We shall see, though...

TITLE INDEX: My copy of the mailing was missing the first sheet of this.

STRUM UND DRANG: Now what we need is someone withchutzpah enough to beard ASCAP and BMI and find out what the standard rates are for performance/reproduction royalties on tunes with somewhat modified lyrics. Only problem is, how to phrase the inquiry in a way which will not bring them thundering down on all our necks. There's gotta be an existing formula for writing new words to a tune; I can recall a whole slew of "answer" songs to some of those sentimental pop ballads of the late 50's/early 60's. Elvis Presley's "Are You Lonesome Tonight" comes immediately to mind; some female singer had a moderate hit with the "answer-song" to that one.///I like "Swift-Killer". I haven't read the story so I miss many subtleties I am sure, but the song stands sufficiently alone to be enjoyable in its own right. It should also rope-in new readers for the book///I cackle with glee over "Alderan Belt", and am looking forward to singing it to Juanita Coulson sometime this summer. Who did write the song "Thais", by the way; does that collection you referenced say? It is in much the same style as Randall Garret's parody-review pieces ("Caves of Steel", for instance) but I have never been able to find a printout of the words with an author-credit on them.

ANAKREON: What? Only 52 more verses?? You're right, though; Sturgeon's 90% is painfully obvious this time around. The verses coming in now have the feel of hot-off-the-top-of-the-head, whereas the earlier collection was to some extent the survivors of several years of audience-testing.

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER: No, Jordin, leave the song as it is. It is perfect skirt-length. (Long enough to cover the subject while still short enough to be interesting.)

FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN: I've got a hucking supply of CRYSTAL VISIONS through Teri Lee of the Westerfilk crew. x I'm looking forward to running "The Honor of Ulster" past Marty Burke (if I can figure the tune; learning a tune from sheet-music always seems to take me forever).

SOMETHING OF NOTE: Sorry, I don't know anything about the Godzilla carols.

SINGSPIEL: Oh, no, finish the translation of the chorus! It absolutely caps the joke!

FILLING UP THE PAGE: Speaking of translations of cheri; I am looking for translations of the "Green Hills of Earth" chorus. KANTELE has run Esperanto and French versions to-date and anyone who can provide a singable translation into another Terran language can gain a degree of immortality thereby (also a contributors-copy of the zine). It is strongly suggested that any submissions of such be camera-ready and include a phonetic rendition below the correctly-spelled non-English version. These things don't have to rhyme, but it would help a helluva lot if they scanned.



THE FILK SUPPLIER-- by Margaret Middleton 6-81

A number of folks have enquired over the past few months what-all filkish materials which I am huckstering these days might be ordered by mail. Herewith.

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"Crystal Visions"--19 songs with sheet music and illustrations, by Cindy McQuillen & Phillip Wayne. \$5.00

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(note this is different from my own fannish address)



to the tune of  
"Lola"  
Key of E

# YODA

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Candi Strecker,  
Marc S. Glasser,  
I Abro Cinii,  
David Rosenbaum

C / / \ / \ \ D E

<sup>E</sup>  
I met him in a swamp down on Dasobah,

Where you land your ship and the mud just closs up the motor.

<sup>A</sup>  
It closs up the motor.

<sup>E</sup>  
He crept up to me and he offered me food,

And I asked him his name and in a Murret voice, he said, "Yoda".

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> / / \ / \ \ <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Y-O-D-A, Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda,

<sup>E</sup>  
Now I'm not the world's most sullible guy

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
But when he talked to Kenobi I heard him reply back to Yoda.

<sup>A</sup>  
Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda.

<sup>E</sup>  
Now I'm not dumb, but I can't understand

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
How he raised up my ship and made me walk on my hands. Oh, Yoda.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> / / \ / \ \ <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda,

<sup>B</sup>  
I was out in a blizzard late one day,

<sup>F#</sup>  
And Ben told me to come this way;

<sup>A</sup>  
Han picked me up and then I did see

<sup>Am7</sup>  
That sossy bos was the new home for me!

<sup>E</sup>  
Now I'm not the stars' most obstinate ass,

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
But when I learn of the Force, well, I listen not of my Yoda.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> / / \ / \ \ <sup>D</sup>  
Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda,

<sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup> / / \ / \ \ <sup>D</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda.



My friends nearly dead.

I started to shout.

I had to cut out.

Got the Vader freeze.

Then I swung at him and he cut me.

That's the way that I met my ol' Dad,

And I never wanted to be that sad. Oh, why, Yoda?

Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda?

Good will lie bad and bad will lie good;

I'm a mixed-up muddled-up shook-up dude without Yoda.

Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda.

Though I'd left home for another star,

And I'd only kissed one woman so far,

And Papa Vader took my fighting hand,

Still I got what it takes to make me a man!

Now, I used to be just a Tatooine man,

But the Force has a plan. Now I'm more than I am, and so's Yoda!

Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda.

Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda, Yo-Yo-Yo-Yo-Yoda.



# ANAKREON

#11, APA-Folk Mailing #11

1 August 1981

## OLD GLAND LIVER

by Rich Bartucci

Dere's an old gland by the vena cava,  
Dat's de old gland dat I loves to see...  
Whut do he care if mah brains am weary?  
Whut do he care if mah grade's a 'D'?

Shinin' an' brown in the patient's belly,  
Canaliculi dere, where the bile is seen,  
Glistnin' an' brown, an' it shakes like jelly,  
Opposite side from de ruptured spleen...

Old Gland Liver, dat Old Gland Liver,  
He sit dere waitin', thans-am-i-natin',  
Dat Old Gland Liver, he keep se-cretin'  
Along, along, along...

He don't make hormones, he don't got muscle,  
But in dem finals you gotta hustle  
Or Old Gland Liver will blow your grade-point  
To hell, and gone away...

You and me, we studies and strains,  
Our heads all achin' an' racked wid' pain;  
Learn dat chart - get it clear -  
Blow it on de test and you're back next year...

Oh, I gets weary and sick and sillin',  
I's tired of crammin, but feared of fallin',  
And Old Gland Liver, he keep se-cretin'  
Along, Along, Alo-o-ong!

(The editor received these verses in a letter from their author, dated 9 April 1980. It had been published in his medical school 'zine Treponema pallidum. "Pardon the dialect and all," he commented, "but recall that this parody was written during a period wherein I felt that if I was gonna be worked like a slave, I was gonna be Ghod sing spirituals...The rationale behind the song is that old saw in Biochemostroy (the real killer of the first year of medical school) that claims that the deletion of the liver eliminates two-thirds of a biochem department's course material. Old Gland Liver is a tough taskmaster...")



## SON OF "LAZARUS WOODROW WILSON LONG"

The Very First Boardman contribution to APA-Filk, in the 1st Mailing, was the following verse based on the character of the quintessential Heinlein Wise Old Man, Lazarus Long of Methuselah's Children and Time Enough for Love. "Long" had been born Woodrow Wilson Smith in 1912, and by the latter book had apparently overcome death - a subject likely to loom large in his creator's mind after his recent medical problems.

My first comment on the topic was to the tune of the well-known summer camp round song, which is usually sung over and over by a chorus of eleven-year-olds until they are forcibly suppressed:

"Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long,  
That's my dad, too!  
When I begin to preach,  
My great-grandchildren screech:  
Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long  
(and Long and Long and Long and --)  
Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long,  
That's my dad too..."

Incidentally, it is altogether appropriate that Lazarus Long was originally named after Woodrow Wilson. Like Heinlein, Wilson was a man of high ideals and viciously low ways of getting them put into practice. He was responsible for more violations of individual liberty than any other President of the United States. Long believes, and is so quoted in Time Enough for Love, that it is right and proper to kill Pacifists, and regrets that such an action is called by the law 'murder' rather than some lesser penalty like discharging firearms within the city limits. He also maintains such ideas as "honor" and thinks that the society which does not is going downhill. Well, all that had to be said about "honor" was said long ago by Captain Sir John Falstaff, in Henry IV Part II, and I need not repeat it here. In our own time, it has become painfully evident that "honor" is a word used by politicians when they want somebody killed.

(As for President Wilson, I refer you to Walter Karp's book The Politics of War, in which Karp proves that Wilson was trying from the very first to get the United States into World War I. I reviewed it in the 141st issue of my war-gaming fanzine EMPIRE, which is available on request for a self-addressed, 35¢-stamped envelope. Karp calls Wilson "a man of high ideals but no principles". That will do for Heinlein as well.)

Heinlein has recently written what he believes to be the culminating opus of his career, and what I found to be a repetitive bore: The Number of the Beast. The protagonist of this novel is a tetrapartite personality which occupies four bodies, two of each sex, and which flies around and between the universes quarreling and making love with itself. In his APA-Q 'zine Vaudeville Lines #103, Bob Lipton said that Number of the Beast reminded him of the joke about the worm who proposed to what proved to be its other end.

The four persons of this tetrapartite personality are all extremely wealthy. One made it the hard way as a technological genius, but the other three inherited it. All four take for granted, and presumably Heinlein does also, that a wealthy person has a right - if not a duty - to manipulate everyone and everything else to suit his or her own convenience. The lofty arrogance which characterized the wealthy before the Hoover Depression, and which got put in cold storage afterwards, is coming back again. It got so bad during the last Inauguration that even General Goldwater complained about it. Musn't get the common mob riled up. But, for Heinlein and his characters, anyone who objects to their dominance can always be shot.

The numerous shortcomings of Number of the Beast finally aroused the creat-



ive instincts of filksingers. At the APA-NYU collating party on 2 July 1981, the following verse was assembled, to the tune of "Blowing in the Wind", by Greg Baker, Mark Blackman, and myself:

"How many time tracks can we travel down  
Before all the readers get tired?  
How many paths can Gay navigate  
Before she gets hopelessly mired?  
How much of Heinlein will they make us read  
Before a new writer is hired?  
The answer's at least the Number of the Beast,  
The answer's the Number of the Beast."

We all were too busy at the time to try to write further verses. But APA-Filk readers might give it a try. See what you can come up with by the next Mailing!

#### THE VACUUMED JEDI

(Tune: "The Frozen Logger")

As I sat down to drink at  
A bar in Tatooine,  
A forty-year-old barmaid  
Gave me an oath obscene.

"I see that you are a Jedi  
And not a damn Sith Lord,  
For nobody but a Jedi  
Heats toddies with his sword.

"My lover was a Jedi  
Before the last Clone War,  
If you poured blog upon it,  
He'd eat a meteor.

"His whiskers, if he let them,  
Would cast a mile of shade.  
To trim them he used daily  
His Jedi laser blade.

"My Jedi came to see me,  
His love to me he proved.  
Upon the seventh upstroke  
My tonsils were removed.

"My synapses soon shorted  
And I could take no more.  
I could not tell him Jawas  
Had swiped the airlock door.

"He stepped into the vacuum,  
And waves a last goodbye.  
At a microtorr of pressure  
He heaved a mighty sigh.

"He swam off with a backstroke  
And faced the solar breeze.  
At a picotorr of pressure  
He started in to sneeze.

"The solar radiation  
Gave him a proton bath.  
He went into an orbit  
Of a hyperbolic path.

"When red shift yields to blue shift,  
To me he'll be restored,  
And here I'll proudly watch him  
Heat toddies with his sword!"

These verses originally appeared in my APA-Q 'zine DAGON #246 on 11 April 1981. They were inspired by a remark that Mark Blackman made in his contribution to Episode XCI of the DAGON serial "Streak Gordon".

#### GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It goes through APA-Filk, the quarterly filk-song amateur press association, whose editor is Bob Lipton, 269-A West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023, and whom you should write for further information. The copy count is 50, and the next mailing will be collated by Bob on 1 November 1981. ANAKREON also goes to anyone else whom I think might be interested in it. Back issues are 50¢ each.

I would like to thank the many people who have been duplicating my publications for me in the recent weeks that my own mimeograph machine has been out of



order. The friends with whose help I get by are Mark Blackman, Donna Camp, Bob Lipton, and Bruce Schneier.

ANAKREON #10 consisted entirely of verses of the Neo-Pagan folksong "That Real Old-Time Religion", as did #6 and #8. Those issues therefore have considerably larger printings than the odd-numbered issues have had. There will also be verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion", and other Neo-Pagan songs, in ANAKREON #12 on 1 November 1981. Thereafter, however, additional verses to this hymn (or maybe "hern", considering the Feminist character of Neo-Paganism?) will appear only once a year. This will be in the issue of ANAKREON that goes into the 1 November, Samhain, or Hallowe'en Mailing each year. So if you have any more verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion", send them by the beginning of October, or they won't see print in ANAKREON until 1 November 1982.

All items that appear in ANAKREON are my own compositions unless the name of another person appears on them.

Strum und Drang III, #1 (Burwasser): "The Comely Maid of Islington" appears, with many other good ones, in a series of four records that Oscar Brand did about 20 years ago. Three of them were called When Dalliance Was in Flower, and Maidens Lost Their Heads, and the fourth was Son of Dalliance. They generally covered the time-span from Elizabethan to Restoration, with a good deal of Burns as well. The point of most of them was to liken the sexual act, more or less cleverly, to some other human activity, and use double entendres. "Coal Black Smith" is a more recent example of the same sort of thing. One of the better songs in this collection had a young lady making an offering of real estate:

"I have a tenement to let -  
'Tis called 'Cunny Hall'..."

After stating the advantages and terms, she concludes

"And when you're in, go boldly on,  
As well as e'er you can.  
And if you reach to the house-top,  
You'll be where ne'er was man."

Singspiel #9 (Blackman): One piece of kiddiefolk that goes back at least 40 years is

I'm Popeye the Sailor Man,  
I live in the garbage can,  
I loves to go swimmin'  
With bow-legged women -  
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man.

Singspiel #10 (Blackman): "My God, how the dragons roar in" is a perfectly acceptable variant for the chorus. Or, considering the Pagan ambience of stories involving dragons, "My gods, how the dragons roar in." It is Pagan heroes like Beowulf, Siegfried, or Perseus who kill dragons. We have this image of King Arthur's knights riding around Britain, slaying dragons. Actually, there is only one dragon slain in all of Malory's Mort d'Arthur.

I like "The Babel Engineers", particularly the linguistic convolutions in the choruses.

Filks Do It 'Till Dawn III, #2 (Groot): I'm sorry, but Eluki didn't supply me with the tune to "The Friggin' Falcon".

They'll sing in Someone Else's Room This Time! #8 (Middleton): I will not back down from my comments about the Dorsal and what the vogue of adulation for mercenaries means. I leave to anyone who has read enough history to qualify as a literate human being as to whether the Dorsal songs in The Westerfolk Collection, or my "The Mercenaries' Hymn" in ANAKREON #9, is a more accurate representation of the conduct of mercenaries.

+ - This is sometimes sung as "bare-naked".



Strum und Drang III, #2 (Burwasser): Your plea about copyrights has already had one effect. I had planned to give Bob another collage cover for this issue, like the ones I did for the 4th and 7th Mailings.

I imagine that a different approach would be required for any material that was copyrighted under the laws of countries other than the United States. The more usual arrangement is life plus fifty years. (This can offer a problem in the case of people like the German fantasy artist Heinrich Kley. No one knows when Kley died.)

Still, there is a definite danger in the casual use of tunes that we've been slinging around. It could blow up in our faces. I would dearly love to see Fred Kuhn's "Star Whores" printed somewhere, but Lucasfilms is extremely stuffy about its copyrights. Already Lucasfilms has leaned on the fantasy author Robert Moss, who is chiefly noted for a fantasy novel which he co-authored with Arnaud de Borchgrave. This fantasy novel, The Spike, purports to tell of a sinister monolithic conspiracy that is out to take over the world. It is so grippingly written that high officials of the Reagan Administration are already basing US foreign policy on it. (This is the first time this has happened since Arthur Koestler wrote Darkness at Noon.) Moss has another novel in the works, about killer satellites. This novel was originally to be called Death Star. Then Lucasfilms got on the tail of Moss's publisher, and the novel will instead be called Death Beam. If a best-selling fantasy author like Moss can be forced to back down by those fussy legalists at Lucasfilms, imagine what would happen to Fred!

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves

# 1079

This is a very timely warning, and an APA-Flik policy ought to be developed after we find out just how things stand with the new copyright law.

I've read several Renault novels, but not The Praise Singer. The bard Anakreon was not a particularly sympathetic character in one major respect. His most famous verse is pitifully sexist. I would quote it here, but the translation is by Eric Ricker Eddison, and since Eddison has not been dead fifty years, it is still on copyright. I have it in my commonplace book, but I cannot find it in any of Eddison's four fantasy novels, and cannot now remember where I found it. Sappho is supposed to have been a contemporary of Anakreon. If so, she must have had a few things to say to him about it, since she was never remiss in speaking her mind.

Your page four was virtually obliterated in my copy, which is a pity, since the parts that were legible looked interesting.

Zhankoye is a song about a Jewish kolkhoz of that name in the Crimea. The song appears as "Hey! Zhankoye" in the People's Song Book (Bonl & Gaer, 1948). It was originally written in Yiddish, and Pete Seeger did the English version. Being a New Yorker, he committed the rhyme of "farmers" with "harm us".

Since I first put down on paper the first verse of "Ken the Magic G-man", one of the words has changed meaning. "Narc" used to be British slang for a police informer. Now it means a narcotics agent.

"Alderan Belt" is excellent. The only other planet whose wreckage has been extensively combed is Krypton. Green kryptonite, red kryptonite, gold kryptonite...

ANAKREON #10 (me): I'm sorry that the verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion" aren't up to the previous collections, either in quantity or in quality. I seem to have accumulated some wretched pieces of mangled rhymes or metre. Just after ANAKREON #10 went to press, I got a whole bundle of excellent verses from Russ Gulevich, and a few from Fred Kuhn. They'll be in #12 in the next Mailing, together with any that you folks may send in ere then, and contributions you've already put in to the last few Mailings.



Al Hofi sends along a bit of military/political filk dated c. 1914. He ran across it in Leopold Marcellin's Politique et politiciens pendant la guerre (Vol. I, p. 41), while researching a World War I game for Simulations Publications Inc. (SPI). As usual when the Germans come to call, the French government left Paris for Bordeaux. Two of the lines of La Marseillaise were altered to suit the occasion; with the originals, they appear below:

Aux armes, citoyens,  
Formez les bataillons.

Aux gares, citoyens,  
Montez dans les wagons.

In translation, to which I must resort because of the abysmal neglect of foreign languages in contemporary American education:

To arms, citizens,  
Form battallions.

To the stations, citizens,  
Get into the carriages.

Does anyone know the rest of this parody?

Rich Bartucci, who wrote the filksong that appears on page 1 of this issue, is currently also doing a song on Jack Chalker's "Well-world" series of s-f novels. Thanks to the name that Jack gave his hero, Rich goes back to the musical Guys and Dolls for the tune of "Good Old Reliable Nathan":

Hey, it's good old reliable Nathan!  
Nathan, Nathan, Nathan Bra-zil!  
If you're crossing the hexes,  
And looking for Wells,  
He's the one to guide you through  
That passel of hells,

'Cause he's good old reliable Nathan!  
And it's sure a hell of a walk  
Through the oldest, established,  
Permanent, working,  
Well World on the block...

Where's the Well wall?  
Who's Varnett?  
(Gotta find Varnett  
Or we've lost the bet.)

On the oldest established,  
Metamorphosing,  
Well World on the block!

At the annual picnic of the New Jersey Science Fiction Society, on 18 July at Ramapo State Park, I tried out the "Number of the Beast" filksong that you'll find on page 3. Someone immediately capped it with the following verse, also to the tune of "Blowing in the Wind":

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?  
How many poles could a Polack axe  
If a Polack could axe poles?



How many knees could a Negro grow  
 If a Negro could grow knees?  
 The answer, my dear, is stick it in your ear.  
 The answer is, stick it in your ear.

This is the perfect filksong for the 1980s. It says, just as the President and his supporters in the press have been saying, that compassion is neither a virtue nor a good idea with unpleasant consequences, but a positive social evil. In eight brief lines it pokes fun at all the social concerns that managed to get into "folk" music in the past forty years. The sort of people who sang "Freiheit" in the 1940s, "We Shall Overcome" in the 1950s, and "Blowing in the Wind" in the 1960s are now falling in line with the mainstream of American opinion. Will we have any more protests to the tunes of guitars? The next time American troops incinerate a jungle village thousands of kilometers away, will two guitars and a banjo put it to music in Washington Square? The next time some religious or ethnic group gathers to protest injustices against themselves, will they be the only ones to give a damn about it? "The answer, my dear, is stick it in your ear..."

#### THE SONG OF OSCAR

by Anne Etkin

This poem originally appeared in Ye Dragon-Runners' Chronicle #6, June 1974. This was (or, for all I know, still is) one of those highly unofficial publications that floats around the edge of the Society for Creative Anachronism, which the SCA would love to suppress but can't think of a way of accomplishing it. The editor was Ann Cass.

"The Song of Oscar" came to my mind when the discussion of mercenaries got into APA-Filk. This song sings the praises of men who fight for their homes against invaders - quite another thing from Gordon Dickson's heroes, or the military masturbators who read Soldier of Fortune. It is impossible to read these verses without thinking of the many attempts to invade Switzerland, particularly the attempt by the Sire de Coucy described in Barbara Tuchman's A Distant Mirror, or the disastrous Burgundian invasion of a century later. The Swiss mountaineers did not fit into the neat feudal scheme of late medieval Europe, and demonstrated this against some of the most renowned warriors of Europe. It should be noted that both Coucy and Charles the Rash hired British and other mercenaries for their attempts upon Switzerland, so much so that Coucy's campaign has gone down in folk history as "the English invasion of Switzerland". Thus it went, and if anyone has a current address for either Etkin or Cass, please let me know so I can send them copies.

Sir Oscar to the battle rode,  
 Lord! He was ugly as a toad,  
 His battered mail stretched o'er his  
     pot,  
 His burdened horse could barely trot.

He had no knights, but men-at-arms,  
 And we were plowmen on our farms,  
 But this, our mountain-valley  
     high,  
 We swore to save or swore to die.

CHORUS: Oscar he was fine and fat,  
 To many a muckle meal he sat,  
 A mighty trencherman was  
     that!  
 A toast to Oscar's Paunch-o!

CHORUS:  
 So small it was, and yet the King  
 Of lowland fields must have this  
     thing;



To be not his - that was our sin;  
He sent his son to sweep us in.

CHORUS:

When to his host we trotted down,  
Their laughter lightly rippled  
round

As rippled banners in the breeze,  
and cavaliers sat at their ease.

CHORUS:

The Prince was peevish: "Naught  
I'll gain  
Of glory here upon this plain;  
As soon slay sheep within the fold,  
As fight these peasants fat and  
old."

CHORUS:

"We are not sheep," quoth Oscar  
then,  
"Go back, fair Prince, and save  
your men."  
The Prince he flushed and loud did  
cry:  
"For insolence, my man, you'll die."

CHORUS:

"I'll hunt your people for my sport;  
Vae victis!" "I've not learned in  
court,"  
Quoth Oscar, "but your sense I get.  
By God! We are not vanquished  
yet!"

CHORUS:

The Prince he signalled, and the  
blare  
Of brazen trumpets soiled the air;  
Each man of us took up his horn,  
And blew defiance on that morn.

CHORUS:

The glittering wave flashed to  
our flock,  
No sheep were we, but solid rock;  
Our swords were equal to our need,  
And even splendid courtiers bleed.

CHORUS:

The Prince was more than empty  
fop,  
He gave my master's helm a chop,  
And though his courtiers turned  
and fled,  
He fought right well ere he was  
dead.

CHORUS:

"Oh, Master Oscar, art thou  
slain?  
Thou liest crumpled on the plain!"  
"Give me a drink, my merry men,  
And bear me to the board again."

CHORUS:

Sir Oscar from the field is borne,  
He'll live to pass the drinking  
horn;  
And this I'll say and never lie:  
For Oscar I would live and die.

CHORUS:

#### THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

It occurs to me that I may have been slinging around too much physics jargon in "The Vacuumed Jedi" on page 3. A torr is a measurement of pressure, short for "one millimeter of mercury". Normal atmospheric pressure is 760 torr. A microtorr is a millionth of a torr, and a picotorr is a millionth of that.

A "hyperbolic path" is an open orbit, and an object traveling in such a path will never return. (It should be noted, however, that in the New York Times of 14 November 1977, their "science" columnist Walter Sullivan seems to believe otherwise.) If the universe ever begins to collapse rather than expand, "red shift yields to blue shift" and everything in the universe, hyperbolic orbits or not, will eventually in the course of billions of years be pulled back together again.



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## SONGS OF THE MILITANT BLIND

John Gliedman, the possessee of one of ANAKREON's most dedicated readers, is the co-author of a book on children who are blind or otherwise physically handicapped. He has observed that in the course of writing this book, he began by treating the subject as one of proper therapy. But the subject matter sorted itself into manageable form only when he abandoned the notions of treatment and "understanding", and approached it as a matter of civil rights of a minority.

This is one of the reasons why the present year has been named "Year of the Disabled". The blind in particular are rejecting the paternalistic approach of such organization of the American Foundation for the Blind, and many militants have challenged it by organizing the National Federation of the Blind. (The emphases are the present author's, and indicate better than anything else the two contrasting approaches.) A particular grievance are the so-called "sheltered workshops" accredited by the AFB's National Accrediting Council (NAC). These workshops are the last holdouts in America of the classical 19th-century sweatshops, under dictatorial management, and in which the federal minimum wage does not apply by a special exception written into the law.

I am indebted for this information, and for a copy of the NFB Songbook, to Edmund R. Meskys, doubly my colleague as a physicist and a science fiction fan. Ed, whose fanzine Niekas has won the coveted Hugo award, lost his sight about ten years ago. He is active in the NFB, and is the person who got me reading science textbooks for Recordings for the Blind (RfB), which I have been doing for over 5 years and find very rewarding. (I strongly commend this volunteer work to ANAKREON's readers; for information write to RfB, 215 E. 58th St., New York, N. Y. 10022. They can direct you to a RfB studio in your vicinity.) Ed informed me, last year, of a particularly flagrant case which the AFB presented in Boston as part of an exhibit on the centennial of the birth of Helen Keller. A blind workman listened to Muzak through headphones while at his workbench. If he slowed down, the music stopped. If he stopped working, he got an electric shock. And this was the AFB showing off its accomplishments to the public! (Ms. Keller was a fighter against social injustice through all her long life; she would have had some vigorous things to say about the use of her name for this brutality.)

With so much in common with the early labor union movement, it is not surprising that the NFB Songbook has songs reminiscent of the early union songs - which were not models of poetic or rhetorical elegance. "The Battle Song of the NFB" is copyright 1969 by Josephine Huff and Floyd S. Field, and is to the tune that has accompanied just about every American militant movement in the past 120 years:

Blind eyes have seen the vision of the Federation way;  
New White Cane legislation brings the dawn of a new day;  
Right of the blind to organize is truly here to stay;  
Our Cause goes marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, Glory, Federation; Glory, Glory, Federation;  
Glory, Glory, Federation; Our Cause goes marching on.

We have seen it in the actions of four hundred chapters strong;  
Good leadership and courage have righted many wrong;  
Let's aid NFB's program and join in its Battle Song;  
Our Cause goes marching on.

CHORUS:

tenBroek has sounded trumpet which shall never sound retreat;  
We have sifted out the hearts of blind before our Judgment Seat;  
Oh, be swift all blind to answer and be jubilant your feet;  
Our Cause goes marching on.

CHORUS:



To aid the blind's long struggle we have formed the NFB;  
 To free them from their bondage of workshop and agency;  
 To give a hand to all the blind wherever they may be;  
 Our Cause goes marching on.

## CHORUS:

"White Cane legislation" refers to the recent attempt by some airlines to prevent blind passengers from bringing their canes on board with them. Within the last week, airlines have backed down from this position, rendering obsolete this song to the tune of a well-known airline commercial:

Don't fly hostile skies of United;  
 Don't you take our long white canes; we've a right to be free.  
 We take care of ourselves; we're the NFB.

Like early union songs, these songs depend upon tunes widely known to the general public. So far we have seen one patriotic song and one commercial; there are also hymns and children's songs. Not many people know that the IWW's "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" was originally "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory", but the bitterly Pacifistic IWW version of "Onward Christian Soldiers" may sometimes still be heard to Sir Arthur Sullivan's stirring tune. "The Bureau Song", which follows, is to the tune of the Protestant hymn variously known as "I Came to the Garden Alone" or "He Walks with Me". The words, like those of many in the NFB Songbook, are by the Liberty Alliance.

I came to the bureau alone straight from school, and a little bit nervous;  
 I just asked for a job and the counseling slob signed me up for two years rehab service.

CHORUS: And they tested me, and they rested me, and they told me there was some hope;  
 And the anger I bear as I tarried there;  
 No blind guy should have to cope.

I took all my medical exams and the best eye test I could get;  
 Then they tested my means which was four cans of beans, three cans of beer, one cassette.

## CHORUS:

I finally got a job on my own, breaking loose from the bureau's long tether;  
 I called and said I found work and the counseling jerk said closed case 'cause we done this together.

## CHORUS:

The sheltered workshops get scathing treatment from, among others, Patti Jacobson's "Old McDonald Had a Shop":

Old McDonald had a shop, e-1-e-1-o;  
 And in this shop he had a staff, e-1-e-1-o,  
 With a dumb-dumb here, and a dumb-dumb there,  
 Here a dumb, there a dumb, everywhere a dumb-dumb.  
 Old McDonald had a shop, e-1-e-1-o.

And in this shop he had a rumble, e-1-e-1-o.  
 With a rumble rumble here, and a mutiny mutiny there,  
 Here a rumble, there a mutiny, everywhere a rumble mutiny; etc.

And in this shop they had a strike, e-1-e-1-o;  
 With a march-march here, and a march march there,  
 Here a march, there a march, everywhere a march march; etc.



And so they called the NFB, e-1-e-1-o;  
 We fight for opportunity, e-1-e-1-o;  
 With a picket picket here and a picket picket there,  
 Here a picket, there a picket, everywhere a picket picket; etc.

I think I know where Ms. Jacobson got that second verse. Some time in the 1960s Capitol Records published a satirical record entitled Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America. This collection of sketches took a highly satirical view of American history from Columbus to the British surrender at Yorktown and was to have been "Vol. 1 The Early Years" in a four-volume set. However, some of our national pieties were handled so broadly that no subsequent volume ever appeared. One of the sketches took place aboard the Santa Maria just before land was sighted. "There are rumblings of mutiny," Columbus is warned, and, sure enough, the crew is heard in chorus saying, "Rumble rumble rumble. Mutiny mutiny mutiny."

While these songs express very real problems, they do it in words and rhymes that are hopelessly bad or inadequate or both. NAC, a group of tame blind folk who rubber-stamp the doings of AFB, comes under strong NFB condemnation. NAC is, to mix metaphors badly, the "Uncle Toms" of the blind. In fact, NFB members sometimes refer to themselves as "the Blind Panthers". In the following "NAC - the Mighty Council", to the well-worn tune of "Puff, the Magic Dragon", the letters "NAC" are apparently meant to be pronounced "Enn Ay See" where they first appear, and "Nack" thereafter, except in line 2 of verse 3:

AFB through Comstac,  
 Bore that rascal NAC  
 And gave it funds and personnel,  
 Hope and prosperity.

CHORUS: NAC, the mighty council  
 Lives off AFB,  
 And through accreditation,  
 Runs the lives of you and me.  
 (repeat)

NAC accredits workshops,  
 And repressive agencies.  
 Many of them claim to be  
 Progressive entities.  
 Members of the NAC board,  
 Talk of love and peace.  
 NFB takes to the streets,  
 Whenever NAC's board meets.

CHORUS:

Accreditation is a good thing,  
 But not by NAC.  
 Philosophy and publicity,

Create new agencies.  
 One dark night it happened,  
 AFB came no more,  
 And NAC, that mighty council,  
 It ceased its fearless roar.

CHORUS:

The blind rejoiced with gladness.  
 The battle had been won.  
 Freedom came to all the blind.  
 On the day NAC's reign was done.  
 Without its lifelong patron,  
 NAC could no longer be,  
 NAC, that mighty council,  
 Went down to history.

CHORUS: NAC, the mighty council,  
 And the AFB,  
 Can no longer rule the blind,  
 We are the NFB.

(repeat)

Like all militant movements, NFB reserves its strongest scorn for the people who ought to be members but instead oppose it. The Liberty Alliance is responsible for this, the last verses in the NFB Songbook. I should imagine that some specific individual in NAC is meant here. No tune is given; the title is "Big Old Blind Uncle Tom Pig":

CHORUS: He's a big old blind uncle Tom pig.

He hangs with the sighted, that makes him feel big.  
 They think he's the best they can find, a model and  
 an expert on all of the blind.



As a child he sold out his soul.  
 He learned and adopted the agency's role;  
 And as he grew older, he earned his reward.  
 He got a big spot on an agency board.

## CHORUS:

He's learned every sighted cliché.  
 And he lives them all in his own special way.  
 He's the first to jump up and to follow a plan;  
 As long as the planner is some sighted man.

## CHORUS:

He's been known to feel somewhat maligned,  
 When he tries to advise and be nice to the blind;  
 But the blind, they laugh at him, they know he's abused;  
 When the sighted parade him, and he's being used.

## CHORUS:

A model and expert on all of the blind.

The NFB Songbook is copyright by the NFB, and is available from them at 1800 Johnson St., Baltimore, Md. 21230; no price is given. The songbook's introduction points out that "Singing has always been an integral part of every true people's movement. It characterized the Irish Americans of the last century and the civil rights marches of the 1950s...The songs which emerge from a people's movement are spontaneous. They are not the product of the studio or the drawing room but of the streets and the work place. They are part of the heritage of every emerging minority." But do they have to be so bloody awful?

ANAKREON #11

John Boardman  
 234 East 19th Street  
 Brooklyn, New York 11226  
 U. S. A.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

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Max Glasser

The Moral Majority is neither.